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Colonization Meetings, AND ADDRESSES OF THE REV. ALEXANDER CRUMMELL, OF LIBERIA.

The Rev. JOHN ORCUTT, Travelling Secretary of the Society, has with the approbation of the Executive Committee of the Society, fortunately obtained the consent of the Rev. ALEXANDER CRUMMELL, of Liberia, to spend a portion of the time of his brief visit to the United States in making addresses on the condition and prospects of that Republic and of the African Race. These subjects occupied the thoughts of Mr. Crummell very much while in Liberia, and some discourses upon them received high commendations, while his recent addresses in New York, Boston, and other northern cities, have fully sustained his reputation. "The second meeting (says Mr. Orcutt) in Boston, on Friday, was the fullest and best Colonization Meeting I have ever attended in that city. Yesterday, June 2d, he addressed a large audience of colored people here, making, I am told, a very favorable impression."

From Concord, N. H., Mr. Orcutt wrote on the 15th ult., "I am here to attend the annual meeting of the New Hampshire Colonization Society, with Mr. Crummell. We had a capital meeting. Mr. Crummell will do the cause good service. I have no doubt that a large number of emigrants will be ready to embark from New York in November. I have already had several additional applications from Connecticut."

The following extracts from communications from our respected and earnest friend and Agent, the Rev. FRANKLIN BUTLER, who

occupies *Vermont, New Hampshire, and Maine*, show that Africa is remembered by many warm hearts even in these stormy times:

WINDSOR, Vt., June 18, 1861.

REV. AND DEAR SIR:

Your very kind favor of the 11th ult. came duly to hand. I have delayed reply for the purpose of looking more carefully to the indications of Providence respecting our cause. When I last wrote you, the heavens appeared to be filled with darkness for our cause, and the earth resounded with thunder-tones. Since that time the clouds have slightly lifted, and the clear blue sky is now and then distinctly visible. The great outburst of the terrible storm upon our country is passed, and the public mind is becoming comparatively quiet. We are preparing for the war. The benevolent are of course beginning to think also of the great causes of religion and humanity, and are casting about to see what they can do for good objects.

Thus far, since the commencement of the civil struggle, our friends have held fast their integrity, and have done well towards sustaining our work. The past month even shows an increase. I have kept steadily at my post, preaching every Sabbath and collecting what I could—not knowing what a day might bring forth of difficulty for our enterprise. Every body is eager to hear. The times are rapidly converting men to our work, though it is exceedingly difficult to obtain money. I have therefore as yet found no place for a temporary *suspension*; indeed I have been exceedingly reluctant to *suspend*. Such a course would be very injurious to future success. If the agent and officers falter, who may not falter? Confidence, and resolution, and perseverance, are essential to the greatest influence in our behalf. * * *

Our annual meeting, which took place last week in Concord, N. H., indicates no disposition in the New Hampshire Colonization Society to fall back. The zeal and liberality there manifested are truly encouraging.

The annual meeting, also, of the Maine Society, is at hand; and I cannot persuade myself to retire from the field until at least after the annual meetings of 1861. That the contributions will come up to the amount of last year, it is perhaps hardly reasonable to expect; yet there are good friends who will not diminish their gifts; and even if less money is collected, we may, I believe, more easily sow good seed for a *future* harvest, than at any former period for many years. The Lord by his providence is compelling people to look calmly and earnestly at Liberia, and her promises to Africa and her children; and I should seriously doubt the wisdom of ceasing now to speak in behalf of our enterprise, whatever may be the present returns in money. The public eye is turned toward us, the public ear is open to us, and the benevolent hand is not wholly closed. *Patriotism* is beginning to make distinct utterance for us; and the time cannot be far distant when she will enforce our claims to charitable aid with a voice that cannot fail to open the hand. *

I go, on the last of this week or first of next, to Maine; and shall there consult with some of our friends, and will write you again ere long. Meanwhile, if you have any counsel to impart I shall be thankful to receive it. Portland will be my head-quarters while there, but letters directed to Windsor will always reach me in a short time.

The meeting at Concord was decidedly the best which we have had in my field. Some account of it will appear in the Congregational Journal.

May God bless you and our noble friends at Washington, and prosper the great work to which we are devoted.

Most truly yours,

FRANKLIN BUTLER.

Rev. R. R. GURLEY.

In a more recent letter to the Financial Secretary Mr. BUTLER says:

"I never knew such a time as the present for readiness to hear on Colonization. Every body's eyes and ears open—but ——— gets the money just now. The times are making converts to our cause.

"Our late meeting at Concord was an eminent success. New Hampshire is waking up. What Maine will do I can hardly conjecture, yet I doubt not *something* will be done. * * *

"I hope to have Mr. Crummell down-east, at the annual meeting, or at least to do some service in Portland."

It may be proper that we should invite all the friends of the American Colonization Society to forget not its interests, but consider them the more, when *many* from necessity and *more* through the urgency of other demands upon their means and the temptations of the day, are tempted to postpone their consideration. Let not the cause perish, for the *blessing of ages and races, and countries, is in it!* It rises high above the transitory, and is a seed for an unlimited and endless growth. *It belongs to Him whose Kingdom is an everlasting Kingdom, and of whose dominion there shall be no end.*

From the Congregational Journal.

MEETING OF NEW HAMPSHIRE COLONIZATION SOCIETY.

The Annual Meeting of the New Hampshire Colonization Society was held in the South Congregational Church, Concord, on the evening of the 13th inst.

Rev. Dr. Burroughs, of Portsmouth, the President of the Society, in the chair.

The meeting was opened by singing the hymn, "Watchman, tell us of the night," &c., succeeded by prayer by Rev. H. E. Parker;

after which the President remarked, to the effect, that the character of the Society was most noble, and though not strictly religious, it did give play to some of the highest sensibilities and best feelings of the christian. And that it offered a grand stage upon which all the friends of the African race might act a part. It gave every facility to their northern friends to ameliorate their condition—and it received the favor of the South.

The first object of the Society was to relieve those in America who are free or shall become free, from the load of public opinion which weighs them down, and from the invidious distinctions which they have been obliged to endure. They have not a happy home here, and this Society proposes to give them one, to place them in their own—their God given home—to establish them in Africa—their dear, their "Father Land," and which is indeed a beautiful country; and that the ulterior object of the Society was the complete regeneration of Africa.

The President closed by introducing Joseph B. Walker, Esq., of Concord, who was appointed delegate to represent this Society at Washington in January last. *

Mr. W. said:—My experience at the convention at Washington, gave me a new view of the reality and magnitude of the Society. I had long known that it had a name and a kind of existence, and had felt favorably towards it, but had never so realized its importance before. He closed by saying that this Society was the parent of Liberia.

Rev. Alexander Crummell, a colored gentleman from Liberia, was then introduced, and while delivering a very interesting address, in substance said: The eyes of the whole civilized world appear at length to be turned toward Africa. Those who have travelled over the continent have endeavored to find out the great secret which has seemed to shut her out, as it were, from the civilized world.

There is need for interest in Africa, for she stands almost alone in darkness, and divorced from all enlightened nations. But that precept, "Go ye into all the world," embraced Africa. How can she be brought up and out where the light of civilization and truth can shine in upon her and chase away the darkness? Trade alone cannot do it; the graves of the noble white men sent as missionaries, scattered here and there along her borders, show that for them a mission of mercy is a mission of death; and yet Africa must be evangelized, christianized, as much so as this country.

The first experience of those who labored to establish the colony was discouraging. They had to struggle against sickness occasioned by change and exposure; against troubles brought upon them by the slave trade; and they were disheartened and oppressed; but all that is no reason for believing the enterprise to be impracticable. Such is the history of all new countries. It was so with California and Australia, with their healthy climate, and especially so with our own country, and you cannot plant a colony without anticipating these disadvantages.

Our people have recently taken courage and show more activity. They now cultivate about 500,000 coffee trees. The demand for coffee has increased, and they have increased their efforts, and coffee has become quite an export, and I think will be more so, as the coffee tree grows spontaneously. In 1853 there was not a pound of sugar produced in the Republic. Our attention was called to the subject in 1855, and now we are exporting sugar and molasses to England and America, and export it too in our own vessels, of which we have about thirty. We export ivory and palm oil also, the latter of which is destined to become a staple of great importance; and as the demand and the means for trade and manufacture extend, just so fast new desires and new motives are awakened, and industry and order ensue. And Africans will work. I have known them to come from the back country a distance of twenty-five days' travel, bringing loads of ivory and palm oil on their backs. Our exports at a single port last year amounted to about \$190,000, our imports to about \$140,000. Politically considered, we have a republican government, choose our President once in two years; have a Legislature of two branches, and an organized militia; but no division into States, and consequently no disputes about State rights. We extend protection over a country 500 miles on the coast and 200 into the interior, and to all are secured the right of trial by jury. Those returned from this country are about 15,000; whole number of inhabitants about ———; and we carried and use your language with us, which is being spread somewhat among the tribes of the continent, for they urge us to take and educate their children.

Before I stop I suppose you will want to know if I believe we are to become a great, civilized, prosperous nation. There are many things that may hinder, but I shall answer, yes! An epidemic may sweep away our population; wars and other calamities may overcome us. But these are possibilities, not probabilities. I believe God has gracious designs for Africa. His precept is being obeyed, and the Gospel is being preached in nearly all the world successfully; the islands of the sea are being christianized to a great extent, and nations are almost literally "born in a day." And Africa, so long borne down in darkness, in slavery, and in unjust judgment of men, I believe is about to receive the compassionate blessings of Heaven, and to have her rights among the nations, by which she has been wronged, vindicated at length by a just and merciful God; and I believe Liberia is one instrument by which He has blessed and will bless Africa to this end. I cannot believe he has led us on thus far in this noble enterprise, until we have begun to see and feel the genial influences of light and truth softening and scattering the thick darkness, and that he will now forsake us—for God takes no step backwards. And I see other reasons for believing that we shall become christianized and as honorable as we have been oppressed and despised.

The African is very susceptible to religious impressions; is devotional, and the Gospel, which is the chief corner-stone of all national greatness, is readily received. Her inhabitants are of the highest order of men, physically, also, however contrary that may be to the

commonly received opinion among the nations; and more, they have and will continue for a long time to have the benefits derived from experience as bondmen, in a nation of the highest intelligence, and the most choice political institutions, and who in spite of their positions have participated somewhat in the joys of independence.

With this experience as bondmen comes the benefit of affliction, which humbles a people, and brings them where God can safely honor them and make them great. God always afflicts and humbles a people before he exalts them. It was especially so with the Jews, and with your own ancestors, and in this way old civilizations are done away, and new and higher orders of civilization are introduced. It is sometimes so in nature. The insect is imprisoned in the chrysalis before he can wear the gorgeous apparel of the butterfly. I believe that God is about to plant a new germ of civilization in Africa, and that we are fast rising to that lofty position designed by God for us.

Hon. N. G. Upham was then introduced, and spoke with great zeal and force, after having introduced the following resolution:

"Resolved, That the importance of African Colonization is made eminently distinct and impressive, by passing events in this country and the encouragements of Providence in Africa, and that the vigorous prosecution of the enterprise is imperatively demanded, as well by true patriotism as by pure philanthropy and religion."

In his remarks this very appropriate truth was presented for the encouragement of the friends of Colonization. He said:—There is an important truth found in the history of nations: and that is, a people in its first struggles for nationality is never properly appreciated by the nations living simultaneously.

Rev. Mr. Orcutt remarked, that he hoped the time had come when it was unnecessary for one to apologize for being a Colonizationist.

The President then read the following resolution:

"Resolved, That the thanks of this Society be tendered to the Rev. Alexander Crummell, for the able and interesting address delivered by him before the Society this evening."

On motion of Dr. Stone, the officers of last year were re-elected. The meeting was full, and the exercises throughout were of a high and impressive character.

On motion the meeting dissolved.

THE CHRISTIAN CONSTITUTION OF LIBERIA.

Rev. Mr. Orcutt, in a sermon last Sabbath in the South Church, Concord, N. H., stated that the Constitution of the Republic of Liberia was more christian than that of any other nation on earth. This appears from the fact that the Constitution makes it the duty of the Government to extend the blessings of civilization and christianity as far as it shall be able, throughout the benighted continent of Africa. The

Liberia Constitution establishes no union of church and state, but a union of christianity and state; and for this reason, if for no other, we believe God will preserve and prosper that Republic, and make it one day the glory of the world. If the 200,000,000 of black men inhabiting the continent of Africa shall be ever christianized, it must be done mainly through the agency of black men." Mr. O'reutt thought that, "The providence of God points christians and philanthropists in this country to the Christian Republic of Liberia, as the basis of successful missionary operations upon the continent, and foreshadows the time when the African race will rise to a respectability and a commanding influence among the races of the human family.—*Cong. Journal.*

FROM LIBERIA.

We have received brief despatches from President BENSON, bearing dates to May 14, 1861:

GOVERNMENT HOUSE,
Monrovia, April 27, 1861.

REV. AND DEAR SIR:

I addressed you a few lines this month, via England, which no doubt will have reached you ere this does. Since then, I have nothing of importance to write. It is very likely (though not fully decided) I will have the quarterly reports of Commissioners of Recaptured Africans published quarterly, instead of awaiting the session of the Legislature; especially as friends abroad are very desirous, I am certain, to know how they are getting on,—especially our co-laborers, the American Colonization Society. Taking all things under consideration, I am pleased with their improvement and present condition; and I hope it will not be long before funds will be comeatable, by which we may be able to erect the contemplated Receptacle and completely inaugurate our system of training.

The Superintendent of Grand Bassa County is progressing with the interior settlement, (Finley,) and I have instructed him to co-operate, and on certain occasions to consult with your agent there; and above all things to try and get on harmoniously, which I hope will be the case. * * *

I hope peace and quietude are once more restored in the United States, and that the present Administration may have an unparalleled rule of prosperity and peace. * * *

Being greatly pressed with business, I close by subscribing myself, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

STEPHEN A. BENSON.

Rev. R. R. GURLEY.

GOVERNMENT HOUSE,
Monrovia, May 14, 1861.

REV. AND DEAR SIR:

I wrote to you a few days ago by Captain Webber, which will have no doubt reached you ere this will. I then informed you that it was a matter of regret, that for want of funds it was impossible to have the recaptives' Receptacles erected. Yet I indulge the hope that many more weeks will not elapse before we shall be informed that we can draw under the contract the instalment due on the same.† * * I have fully determined to suffer no drafts to be drawn on account of the recaptives, until we are notified that we can do so; which we sincerely hope to be notified of at least by the next arrival.

On the evening of the 7th inst., the ship *Nightingale*, Lt. Guthrie, who bears this letter over, anchored in our harbor, a prize to the U. S. Sloop *Saratoga*, captured at Cabenda. The Congoes, about 800, have all been landed and safely housed by Government, and will be duly cared for. We are greatly pressed. Yet we believe that all our friends in the United States will do all in their power for our relief. Surely the new Administration will not hesitate in making the proper appropriation and contract. We are sorely pressed.

I intended to write you more lengthily by this vessel, but the messenger has just come in to say that the ship is getting underway, so I must close.

Our election was held on the 7th inst. The Administration ticket has been sustained by about three-fourths of the votes of Liberia.

We are expecting other prizes up soon.

With great respect, I am, very truly, your obedient servant,

STEPHEN A. BENSON.

Rev. R. R. GURLEY.

We regret to observe that the publication of the "*Liberia Christian Advocate*" is suspended from March 13, 1861; yet the hope is expressed that it may be resumed in the course of two or three months. The number for March 13th concludes one-fourth of the year. From this last number of the paper we extract the following articles:

Trip to Careysburg.

Reaching White Plains on Friday, the 8th ult., after attending to many minor particulars, went over pretty thoroughly the coffee farm. It was when the heat of the day was spent, and we determined to see all that was to be seen on the premises. Comprehensively and truly, we gladly express our agreeable surprise at the healthy and prosperous condition in which we found a large proportion of the farm; especially that part of it lying over the creek, where the soil is much better adapted to coffee-growing than next to the river. To look at some 10,000 coffee trees, in the mild evening light of a bright day, completely covering with their deep green foliage the hills, and

† This information was sent some weeks ago.

showing themselves to such advantage from the different prominences of this long-loved spot, really feasts one's eyes and gladdens one's heart.

Many of the trees begin now to bear small quantities of coffee. But more attention should be devoted to them. The coffee tree, like the lambs and sheep in the flock of a "good shepherd," should *every one* be individually and particularly known. Each one's necessities should be promptly and carefully attended to. Forgetfulness or omission in duty here, abandons the tender shrub to more than wolfish suckers and parasites, or the rubbing and tread of cattle, breaking off the limbs and often the bodies of promising trees. We made what suggestion we thought proper on the occasion, and wearied with the day's work, turned our thoughts in other directions.

Saturday, the 9th, we took the road for Careysburg. It was warm "too much." Careysburg was not reached by considerable, when our clothes, to our coat and pantaloons, were wet through. But what of such mere trifles? The man who will not gladly sweat in trying to do good, had better take his seat beside a certain peevish prophet, in a booth overlooking the habitations of more than six score thousand persons, awaiting the time for their destruction to come. We have been often reminded of that holy indifference in the toils of the pastoral office, so beautifully illustrated in the parable of the "Lost Sheep," MAT. 18, 12-14. Time is taken; a vigilant search is set on foot; the mountains are gone into; places of danger and difficulty are ransacked, to recover that *one* sheep. Forgetful, under the impulses of heavenly solicitude, of the large number at home, "the ninety and nine," no rest is to be taken, to the quenchless fires of a Christ-like love for souls, till this absent *one* is brought back. And Oh, how touching is the description as the search culminates in finding the lost sheep. "He layeth it on his shoulder *rejoicing*." Weariness, pains, trouble, all unmentioned and unthought of in the abounding joy of bringing home "the sheep that was lost." O, thank God, the christian ministry, with all that can be said in disparagement of it, has its "abundant compensations."

"We are shouting in the field of battle,
Singing in the field of battle,
Dying in the field of battle,
With glory in our souls."

The road to Careysburg, of which we had heard much lately, is unquestionably, by the adopted route, much straightened and shortened. For the first ten miles after leaving the St. Paul's River, little else has been done, as yet, than to open the way by cutting down the bushes along the path of the intended thoroughfare, making a *through*, as our northerners would call it, from twenty to twenty-five feet wide. Two causeways are met with before getting to Zoda Queah's; but the sluices in their centres are indifferently set with poles, which already begin to cave in. It would be a saving to have these sluices set with stone. Then the great convenience they will now offer to every traveller in the rainy season, would be perpetuated for years to come.

Besides the above named improvements, the same little narrow foot-path alone, with a stick, a cluster of sticks, or a log over the streams, point out the way, and complete the sum of its accommodations, on this part of the route.

Passing Zedah Queah's, and within four miles of Careysburg, you witness a change. On this part of the road, if we recollect aright, with one exception, every stream is bridged. The work is respectably done, and of good material. We found ourselves instinctively leaping up and down on the first bridge we met with, and shouting, "*Hurrah for Careysburg.*" In the woods, away off there alone, we did not feel it was anybody's business if we did shout a little.

We however regret that the work was not so arranged in the outset, as to have *stones* for the bridges, *out and out*. In no case need an arch to have been sprung from abutment to abutment over 25 feet, and that only in a single case. It might have cost a little more now; but once done, expenses would be ended. Upon the present plan, the best timber may be used, and any amount of pains taken, still we know the climate, the ravages of which nothing can stay. In three or four years, at the farthest, and most of these bridges will be unfit for use, without extensive and costly repairs.

Having the bridges out of our thoughts, and the general aspects of the road onward is as above described; only causeways are more frequently to be met with, as the demand for them increases.

Tuesday, the 12th, we stepped out into the Queah Country, seven or eight miles, and back, in company with Mr. C. A. Pitman, to the site of our contemplated Queah Mission. This, too, was a warm walk. Our observations led us to the conclusion that the environs of Careysburg, as a district for extensive and lucrative farming operations, commend themselves as strongly to the consideration and patronage of those desiring the advance of agriculture, as Careysburg itself ever did or ever will, to the valetudinarian or the newly-arrived emigrant, on the score of health.

Our course from Careysburg to the site of the Queah Mission, was about E. by N. Descending to Paxtonville, (quite euphonical,) three miles distant, we saw the forest opening, and log-houses going up, amid bush and tree-tops, reminding us forcibly of scenes we had witnessed, and in which we had taken an active and happy part, in America, thirty years ago. Success to these dear people! coming thus far and going through immense fatigue and exposure, to find a free home for themselves and their children. They may not live to enjoy what they seek, but *Liberia* will live, and *others* will live and reap the benefit of their toil and sufferings. Amen: so let it be. Somebody will catch the bird, if we now living do not, fellow citizens. That will do for us. We will go on to Heaven, to our inheritance there: "*Where the tabernacle of God is with men, and He will dwell with them.*" * * * *And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain. And God himself shall be with them, and be their God.*"—REV. 21, 1-2.

We hope our friends will stretch out in this direction, to a large creek about seven miles distant; then line its banks along with large farms; open that creek down to the DuQuay in the dry season, and when the water rises, shove their produce to Marshall—pronounced lately by a judge to be one of the finest harbors in Liberia. Opening that creek, will fill the steam mill yard and water side of a certain firm in this city with the finest logs. This the owners might not like so well; but, friends at Careysburg, look out for yourselves. Don't you mind them.

The site of the Queah Mission, (where we intend to build, and set to work to teach and preach, and do otherwise what good we can,) stands on this creek. We at present say little about it, as accounts of prospective labors are frequently fallacious; attracting great attention, exciting expectation unduly, and of success in an unreasonably short time; so that we prefer to await progress a little, and then talk, and if warranted by facts in the history and condition of the Mission, write too. It is easy to do great things on paper. There, men and women are met with of prodigious proportions, who off from paper are only common sized people, just like other folks. Suffice it to say, of our work at this point, we have a good man appointed, consecrated in the designations of the church to this work, and we doubt not in the personal purposes of his own heart. We intend to "prophecy to the dry bones," not forgetting or omitting at the same time to prophecy unto the "wind," to breathe upon both the slain and our work for their good. We call upon the church to unite with us in this christian enterprise, that we may be abundantly blessed in it.

Of our Careysburg friends, it is due that we say a word—it must be but a word; and this we do by saying, there is, as the folks have it, some "*ring*," that is, some spirit and enterprise coursing their veins and bounding in their blood. Their undertakings—of roads, bridges, and receptacles, on government account—show this, as well as their openings for farms for themselves. They seem to possess the ability to adjust their expedients to the nature of their emergencies. Not exactly a stereotyped people, they can lay a *new* track, when in so doing expense can be cheapened, the route shortened, difficulties lessened, or their pressure lightened. Our Methodist people there have paid as much towards their church as the same denomination has paid for repairs in the city of Monrovia—that is, about \$300 in each society. While I was there the Careysburg church set on foot a subscription for a church bell. They needed \$25. In a few hours it was reliably pledged. We learn since it has run up to \$40. The bell is ordered. Brethren in Careysburg, go on and prosper!

Our Mercantile status.—Some years since, through mismanagement and superfluous expenditure, if not in some cases a downright want of principle, the credit of the merchants in Liberia, in a very large proportion, was not such as to reflect much honor upon the men of that occupation. Now things are far otherwise. The merchants

of Monrovia and of Bassa, not to say more, are *well* spoken of. Very generally foreigners express freely the sense of security they experience in entrusting goods to and opening accounts with them.

Liberia College.—Up it goes. This long-wished-for building is coming prominently into view. The third story is well underway, and shows to good advantage, surely. With the economical system of labor devised and executed under the personal superintendence of the President of the College, Hon. J. J. Roberts, the work must progress. The long trains of native laborers, with their merry shout and song, like the lyre of Orpheus, bring to this temple of science the material for its erection from all parts of our city. May God bless it to Liberia, and consecrate its rising influence to the honor of his church, and the glory of his name.

Du Chaillu's Explorations and Adventures in Equatorial Africa.

New York: Published by Harper & Brothers, 1861.

ADVENTURES IN GORILLA LAND.

From *Harpers' Magazine* for June.

Toward the close of the year 1846, the Rev. J. Leighton Wilson, now the respected Secretary of the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions, but then a missionary in the Gaboon Region of Western Africa, came into possession, accidentally, of the skull and afterward of the greater part of a skeleton of an ape which he was convinced was not known to naturalists. He forwarded these remains to the Boston Society of Natural History, in whose proceedings they were afterward described by Dr. Savage and Professor Jeffries Wyman.

This was the first notice the scientific world had of the existence, in a part of Africa known to the civilized world for twenty centuries, of an animal the most monstrous and cruel, as it has been since demonstrated to be in its frame the most man-like, of all the beasts of the forest.

Mr. Wilson's discovery, whose importance he modestly underrated, devoting to it only a few lines in his interesting account of Western Africa, caused naturalists to search old books of travel for any description of such an animal; and a few such traces are indeed found, but all evidently negro exaggerations with the glosses of imaginative writers; no civilized man having up to that period ever having seen a live gorilla; only Mr. Wilson was known to have had the good fortune to see its carcass. In 1855 professor Owen, of London, received from the Gaboon, from an old shipmaster, a cask of rum, in which was contained the spoiled body of a huge gorilla. Only the skeleton proved of use for descriptive purposes, and on this Professor Owen founded a most interesting paper, in which he took pains to collect all the meagre accounts so far gathered from the natives, of the appearance and habits of the animal.

With this memoir the subject rested, to all intents, until in the fall of 1859 the naturalists of this country were at last gratified by the return, with a magnificent collection of stuffed gorillas of all ages, of Mr. Paul B. Du Chaillu, an enterprising American citizen, who had spent four years in a thorough exploration of the region in which alone the gorilla is found, and in hunting that animal, and gaining, with the enthusiasm of an ardent naturalist, the fullest knowledge of the habits and nature of the mysterious beast. We propose to follow Mr. Du Chaillu through a portion of his romantic and adventurous travels, as he has recounted them in the magnificent work he has just published; but must pause at the threshold to give the reader some idea of the region which may with justice be called "Gorilla Land." Turn to a map of Africa, on which are marked the most recent explorations, and you will find a belt, narrow, compared with the length of the continent, but containing a vast area of land, lying between lat. 3° North, and lat. 3° South, and which is left blank from the western coast to Captain Burton's Lake Tanganyika on the east. Barth did not reach it from the north; Livingstone stopped short of it from the south; Burton's adventurous march to the long-sought land of the Moon was but a step in the long journey across the continent from the east; and the merchants who had for many years more or less drained this mysterious region of ivory, beeswax, ebony, gold dust, and latterly of India-rubber, were content to live carefully on the coast, not caring to risk an almost certain death by rash ventures into an interior thought to be doubly protected by ferocious negro tribes and fatal fevers. Of these merchants the father of Mr. Du Chaillu was one. The son was familiar with the coast from early boyhood, quitted it to attend school, but returned, and on his father's death entered into the limited commerce himself. As a merchant he became familiar with the languages of many of the tribes who came down to trade. Having studied Natural History in France, he profited by his leisure to make collections of the numerous undescribed species of birds found on this little known coast; and at last, desirous alike of extending his trade, and of investigating the habits of the gorilla, about which he had long been curious, he determined to devote a year to an exploration of the mysterious interior.

His year lasted *four* years! And in this time, as he modestly sums it up in his preface, he traveled—always on foot, and unaccompanied by other white men—about 8,000 miles; shot, stuffed, and brought home over 2,000 birds, of which more than 60 are new species, and killed upward of 1,000 quadrupeds, of which 200 were stuffed and brought home, with more than 80 skeletons. "*Not less than 20 of these quadrupeds are species hitherto unknown to science!*" He suffered fifty attacks of the African fever, taking, to cure himself, over fourteen ounces of quinine. Of famine, long-continued exposures to the heavy tropical rains, and attacks of ferocious ants and venomous flies, he thinks it not worth while to speak.

These are achievements of which surely any man not yet thirty may be proud, and which place him high in the list of those adventurous spirits—Livingstone, Barth, Burton, and others, the pioneers

of African civilization—to whom, some centuries hence, we may imagine the Empire of Africa gratefully erecting statues.

The tribes of West Africa, according to Mr. Du Chaillu, are pre-eminently traders, and on their eagerness for commerce he based, in part, his hopes of safety in his solitary inroads into the far interior. For he was entirely unattended; and when it is remembered that he did not hesitate to encumber himself on his longest journey with about two thousand dollars' worth of the goods most coveted by the savages among whom he lived for two years, it is not strange that Quengeza, the great king, called him "a man with a heart like tiger's."

"When you go out again, you will make up a party of whites?" the present writer one day suggested to him.

"What for? You know they would all die!" was the quick reply.

"But why did not you die?"

"Because I had not time."

The blacks are the most eager traders in the world; but when we know the manner of their trade, we cease to wonder that an enterprising merchant should attempt to work without agents of such double-dyed Jewry. In the first place, all trade is a monopoly. Many of the products are brought from a distance of three or four hundred miles from the interior. There are the elephants, the ebony trees, the India-rubber vines; and there live the wretched producers. Between them and the coast live perhaps a dozen tribes, who are *not* producers, but commission merchants. Each holds fast possession of a piece of the river, which is the only highway of the impenetrable country. Each passes to his neighbor below him the tooth, or piece of ebony or barwood, which has passed to him from his neighbor above; and when, at last, the venture reaches the coast, it is already burdened with a series of debts, in the shape of commissions, which too often eat up the principal. "In fact, the first holder has *trusted* each successive dispenser with his property without any equivalent or 'collateral' security. Now, when the last black fellow disposes of this piece of ebony or ivory to the white merchant or captain, he retains, in the first place, a very liberal percentage of the returns for his valuable services, and turns the remainder over to his next neighbor above. *He*, in turn, takes out a commission for *his* trouble, and passes on what is left; and so, finally, a very small remainder—too often nothing at all—is handed over to the poor fellow who has inaugurated the speculation or sent the tusk. The poor interior tribes are kept by their neighbors in the profoundest ignorance of what is done on the coast. They are made to believe the most absurd and horrid stories as to the ferocity, the duplicity, and the cunning of the white traders. They are persuaded that the rascally middle-men are not only in constant danger of their lives by their intercourse with the whites, but that they do not make any profit on the goods which they good-naturedly pass on to a market, so that I have known one of these scoundrels, after having appropriated a large share of the poor remainder of returns for a venture of ivory, actually, by a pitiful story, beg a portion of what he had handed over to his unsuspecting client. Each tribe cheats its next neighbor above, and maligns its

next neighbor below. A talent for slandering is, of course, a first-rate business talent; and the harder stories one can tell of his neighbors below the greater profit he will make on his neighbor above."

Again, through the anxiety of white traders to secure "trade," there has sprung up along the coast an injurious system of "trust." A merchant, to secure to himself certain quantities of produce *yet to come down* from the interior, gives to such black fellows as he thinks he can depend on advances of trade goods, often to very considerable amounts. In this way, on the Gaboon and on the coast, often many thousand dollars' worth of goods are in the hands of natives, for which no consideration has been received by the white trader, who meantime waits, and is put to trouble and expense, and thinks himself lucky if he do not eventually lose a part of his investment. And last, though evidently not least, is the vexation and loss of precious time in a climate fatal to white men, of having to deal with a set of fellows to whom time is precisely the thing they least value, and who chaffer all day about the sale of a tooth, and then take it away to try again next day. Here is a scene on board a ship just arrived. She is instantly boarded by a crowd of fellows, each jabbering away, apparently at random, but all telling the same story:

"Never was there such dearth of ivory,"—or whatever the captain may want!

"Never were the interior tribes so obstinate in demanding a high price!

"Never was the whole coast so bare!

"Never were difficulties so great!

"There have been fights, captain!

"And fever, captain!

"And floods, captain!

"And no trade at all, captain!

"Not a tooth!"

This point settled, they produce their "good books," which are certificates of character, in which some captain or other white trader who is known on the coast vouches for the honesty—the great honesty and entire trustworthiness—of the bearer. It is not worth while for a fellow to present himself without a certificate, and the papers are all *good*; because, when the "bearer" has cheated, he does not apply for a "character." Now these certificates help him to cheat. When he finds the need of a new set of papers, he conducts himself with scrupulous honesty toward two or three captains. These, of course, "certify" him, and then he goes into the wildest and most reckless speculations, upheld by the "good books," which he shows to every captain that comes.

Now, while they are pretending that nothing is to be bought, that there is no ivory on the coast, all this time the lying rascals have their hands full, and are eager to sell. They know the captain is in a hurry. The coast is sickly. The weather is hot. He fears his crew may fall sick or die, and he be left with a broken voyage. Every day is therefore precious to him; but to the black fellows all days are alike. They have no storage, no interest account, no fever to fear,

and, accordingly, they can tire the captain out. This they do. In fact, often, if they have an obstinate customer to deal with, they even combine and send all the trade a day's journey up river, and thus produce a fair show of commercial scarcity. At last, when high prices have been established, when the inroads of fever on his crew at the advance of the season have made the poor captain desperately willing to pay anything, the ivory comes aboard, and the cunning black rascals chuckle.

In this wretched way no less than 150,000 pounds of ivory, besides quantities of palm oil, ebony, and barwood, are collected on this limited stretch of coast each year.

It is not strange that an enterprising man should tire of this, and leave the coast for the strange interior. The rivers are highways as far as they go. When they fail, the travelers' luggage is strapped on the backs of women, who support the load by an awkward band wound round the head. There are no beasts of burden. The savage wild bull of these plains has never been tamed; horses are unknown; and the journey must be made on foot. Happy the poor traveler if he does not starve on the way; for game is scarce. "Not even a monkey or a rat!" exclaims hungry Du Chaillu, looking with greedy eyes and watering mouth at a half-roasted snake, twenty-five feet long, which his unscrupulous party are devouring; and cursing in his heart those qualms which forbade him to partake with them.

At every new town our traveler reached he was the object of wonder not unmixed with alarm. His white face—tanned, we imagine, to what we should call a dark bronze; his shoes, which were usually supposed to be his feet; his clothes; and, above all, his long, straight hair, excited by turns the awe and admiration of curious and rankly-smelling crowds; till, at last, when he recached the *ultima thule* of his first journey, an astonished warrior fell down at his feet, in mortal terror, to worship him as a spirit.

This was among the *Fans*, a tribe remarkable for the most disgusting species of cannibalism which has ever been witnessed or recorded. They eat habitually the corpses of persons who die a natural death—that is, by disease! It seems that they refrain from eating their relatives and townsmen, but carry on a regular traffic in bodies between neighboring villages; and our traveler not only found his quarters in the Fan capital surrounded by human remains, but was witness to the division of the spoils of a deceased villager. We have heard Captain Burton relate, with savage glee, how a tribe on the eastern coast, determined to conquer another which offered unexpected resistance, on the field of battle ate the hearts of their enemies in the presence of a number of prisoners, who, being afterward released, carried the terror of this tale to their nation, who immediately submitted. "They could stand being killed," said the redoubtable captain, "but to be eaten struck them with terror." But here was a tribe who eat human flesh habitually, and that of a peculiarly disgusting quality. We shall not forget the incredulous smile with which a dinner party received this relation from the lips of Mr. Du Chaillu, who, quickly perceiving the doubt, capped it with an in-

stance which seemed quite too horrible to be true: "A party of Fans who came down to the sea-shore once to see the sea actually stole a freshly buried body from the cemetery, and cooked it and ate it among them; and another party took another body, conveyed it into the woods, cut it up, and smoked the flesh, which they carried away with them."

Several months afterward we found ourselves one day in Mr. Du Chaillu's museum, and were introduced to the Rev. Mr. Walker, long time a missionary on the Gaboon station, and were by him assured of the literal truth of this story, which no one would before believe.

These disgusting cannibals are a finely built and very intelligent race; taller than their neighbors; smelting and hammering iron, of which they make spear-heads, and long, savage, two-edged knives, compared with which the Arkansas tooth-pick is a child's plaything. They use a bow of immense strength, which even they cannot bend without sitting down to it, and from which are propelled the little poisoned arrows which make them a terror to their enemies. The men plait their wool into a queue behind, lengthening it by the help of tow dyed black, as John Chinaman helps his tail out with black silk. They use a shield of elephant hide, a specimen of which, in Mr. Du Chaillu's collection, needs a strong arm to hold out. They dress themselves in a cloth made, like the South Sea Islander's "tappa," of the beaten bark of a tree; to which are added a leopard's skin about the middle, and an abundance of tigers' teeth, human vertebrae, monkeys' tails, and other absurdities, which are fetiches or amulets, to protect these man-eaters from the arrows and teeth of their enemies. Their country abounds with elephants, which they kill for their meat and the ivory, which is their only "trade" with the coast. And, alas! even these fierce ghouls are cheated by their monopolizing neighbors, to whom they intrust their goods for sale to the white man.

When the Fans have discovered the beat of a herd of elephants, they construct, with great labor, a net-work of the abundant vines of the forest, which half incloses a considerable tract. This requires several days. Then, armed with numerous spears, they drive the herd against this fatal barrier, where the huge bodies push vainly against the yielding vines, while their agile enemies attack them from the overhanging branches and from behind the trees, till at last, one after another, the poor victims fall, their hides bristling with spears. But there is no little danger in the mad *melée*; and the man who loses his presence of mind for a moment is killed by the enraged beast. Of our traveler's party, on one such *battue*, a poor fellow was caught and trampled into a jelly in an instant by a furious elephant, which suddenly charged an attacking crowd.

We have not space to recount the curious rules which guide the chase among the Fans, or the superstitious observances with which the spoils are afterward divided. Nor can we quote the interesting account of their marriage customs, or of a cannibal wedding at which Mr. Du Chaillu was an honored guest, and where he was deafened

by the noise of savage music, and disgusted by the general intoxication with which the feast wound up. The drum is valued the more the greater the noise it makes. But these people have also a very remarkable instrument called the handja, whose sweet and silvery tones by no means smack of cannibalism. It consists of a light reed frame, three feet long by one and a half broad, into which are set and securely fastened a set of hollow gourds covered by strips of a hard red wood found in the forests. Each of these cylinders is of a different size, and all are so graduated that the set form a regular series of notes. A handja generally contains seven. The performer sits down, lays the frame across his knees, and strikes the strips lightly with a stick. There are two sticks, one hard, the other soft, and the principle is the same on which music has been produced in France from a series of glasses. The tone is very clear and good; and though their tunes are very rude, they can play them with considerable skill.

It was while among the Fans that our traveler killed his first gorilla, a huge beast lacking but a few inches of being six feet in height. They had been cautiously hunting the dense jungle for some hours. "Suddenly Miengai uttered a little *cluck* with his tongue, which is the native's way of showing that something is stirring, and that a sharp look-out is necessary. And presently I noticed, ahead of us seemingly, a noise as of some one breaking down branches or twigs of trees.

"This was the gorilla, I knew at once, by the eager and satisfied looks of the men. They looked once more carefully at their guns, to see if by any chance the powder had fallen out of the pans; I also examined mine, to make sure that all were right; and then we marched on cautiously.

"The singular noise of the breaking of tree-branches continued. We walked with the greatest care, making no noise at all. The countenances of the men showed that they thought themselves engaged in a very serious undertaking; but we pushed on, until finally we thought we saw through the thick woods the moving of the branches and small trees which the great beast was tearing down, probably to get from them the berries and fruits he lives on.

"Suddenly, as we were yet creeping along, in a silence which made a heavy breath seem loud and distinct, the woods were filled with the tremendous barking roar of the gorilla.

"Then the underbrush swayed rapidly just ahead, and presently before us stood an immense male gorilla. He had gone through the jungle on his all-fours; but when he saw our party he erected himself and looked us boldly in the face. He stood about a dozen yards from us, and was a sight, I think, never to forget. Nearly six feet high, with immense body, huge chest, and great muscular arms, with fiercely-glaring, large, deep gray eyes, and a hellish expression of face, which seemed to me like some nightmare vision: thus stood before us the king of the African forests.

"He was not afraid of us. He stood there, and beat his breast with his huge fists till it resounded like an immense bass drum, which

is their mode of offering defiance; meantime giving vent to roar after roar.

"The roar of the gorilla is the most singular and awful noise heard in these African woods. It begins with a sharp *bark* like an angry dog, then glides into a deep bass *roll*, which literally and closely resembles the roll of distant thunder along the sky, for which I have sometimes been tempted to take it where I did not see the animal. So deep is it that it seems to proceed less from the mouth and throat than from the deep chest and vast paunch.

"His eyes began to flash fiercer fire as we stood motionless on the defensive, and the crest of short hair which stands on his forehead began to twitch rapidly up and down, while his powerful fangs were shown as he again sent forth a thunderous roar. And now truly he reminded me of nothing but some hellish dream creature—a being of that hideous order, half man half beast, which we find pictured by old artists in some representations of the infernal regions. He advanced a few steps—then stopped to utter that hideous roar again—advanced again, and finally stopped when at a distance of about six yards from us. And here, as he began another of his roars and beating his breast in rage, we fired, and killed him.

"With a groan which had something terribly human in it, and yet was full of brutishness, it fell forward on its face. The body shook convulsively for a few minutes, the limbs moved about in a struggling way, and then all was quiet—death had done its work, and I had leisure to examine his huge body. It proved to be five feet eight inches high, and the muscular development of the arms and breast showed what immense strength it had possessed.

"My men, though rejoicing at our luck, immediately began to quarrel about the apportionment of the meat—for they really eat this creature. I saw that we should come to blows presently if I did not interfere, and therefore said I should myself give each man his share, which satisfied all. As we were too tired to return to our camp of last night, we determined to camp here on the spot, and accordingly soon had some shelters erected and dinner going on. Luckily, one of the fellows shot a deer just as we began to camp, and on its meat I feasted while my men ate gorilla.

"I noticed that they very carefully saved the brain, and was told that charms were made of this—charms of two kinds. Prepared in one way, the charm gave the wearer a strong hand for the hunt, and in another it gave him success with women."

The evening was spent, as was usual on such occasions, in telling superstitious stories of the powers and evil doings of the mysterious brute, which has taken so strong a hold of the imaginations of these Africans that it is in all these regions a household word of dread. We cull a few of the many curious stories which Mr. Du Chaillu thus gathered at different times about the camp-fire. He says: "I listened in silence to the conversation, which was not addressed to me, and was rewarded by hearing the stories as they are believed, and not as a stranger would be apt to draw them out by questions. One of the men told of two Mbondemo women who were walking

together through the woods, when suddenly an immense gorilla stepped into the path, and, clutching one of the women, bore her off in spite of the screams and struggles of both. The other woman returned to the village, sadly frightened, and related the story. Of course her companion was given up for lost. Great was the surprise, therefore, when, a few days afterward, she returned to her home, related that the gorilla had forced her to accompany him for many miles, but had not seriously injured her, and that she had easily escaped from him.

"'Yes,' said one, 'that was a gorilla inhabited by a spirit.'

"Which explanation was received with a general grunt of approval.

"They believe, in all this country, that there is a kind of gorilla—known to the initiated by certain mysterious signs, but chiefly by being of extraordinary size—which is the residence of certain spirits of departed negroes. Such gorillas, the natives believe, can never be caught or killed; and, also, they have much more shrewdness and sense than the common animal. In fact, in these 'possessed' beasts, it would seem that the intelligence of man is united with the strength and ferocity of the beast. No wonder the poor African dreads so terrible a being as his imagination thus conjures up.

"One of the men told how, some years ago, a party of gorillas were found in a cane-field tying up the sugar-cane in regular bundles, preparatory to carrying it away. The natives attacked them, but were routed, and several killed, while others were carried off prisoners by the gorillas; but in a few days they returned home uninjured, with this horrid exception: the nails of their fingers and toes had been torn off by their captors.

"Some years ago a man suddenly disappeared from his village. It is probable that he was carried off by a tiger; but as no news came of him, the native superstition invented a cause for his absence. It was related and believed that, as he walked through the wood one day, he was suddenly changed into a hideous large gorilla, which was often pursued afterward, but never killed, though it continually haunted the neighborhood of the village.

"Here several spoke up and mentioned names of men now dead whose spirits were known to be dwelling in gorillas.

"Finally was rehearsed the story which is current among all the tribes who at all know the gorilla: that this animal lies in wait in the lower branches of trees, watching for people who go to and fro; and when one passes sufficiently near, grasps the luckless fellow with his powerful feet and draws him up into the tree, where he quietly chokes him."

Such stories as these, the wild imaginings of terror-stricken negroes, have, until now, passed current as at least largely founded in fact. They are gathered in Professor Owen's before-mentioned very interesting Memoir of the Gorilla; and it seems a pity to wipe away at one blow so horrible and pleasing a picture as is thus made up. But Mr. Du Chaillu must be believed, and he says: "I am sorry to be the dispeller of such agreeable delusions; but the gorilla

does not lurk in trees by the roadside, and drag up unsuspecting passers-by in his claws, and choke them to death in its vice-like paws; it does not attack the elephant and beat him to death with sticks; it does not carry off women from the native villages; it does not even build itself a house of leaves and twigs in the forest-trees and sit on the roof, as has been confidently reported of it. It is not gregarious even; and the numerous stories of its attacking in great numbers have not a grain of truth in them."

It lives in the loneliest and darkest portions of the dense African jungle, preferring deep wooded valleys and also rugged heights. It does not live much, if at all in trees, only the young ones sleeping in the branches, while the adults make their bed at the foot of some monarch of the woods, sleeping, as Mr. Du Chaillu thinks, in a sitting posture. Though the animal has such immense teeth and jaws, it is a strict vegetarian; its favorite food being pine-apple leaves, a small berry which grows near the ground, the soft pith of a tree, to get at which the gorilla uses his vast strength to break the tree down; and, lastly, a nut with a very hard shell, which it cracks with its strong jaws. It is not gregarious. The young are found in flocks of never more than five; and these, as well as females when found alone, make off in great haste from the hunter. *But the adult male gorilla is never known to run from his enemy, man.* This is not only the experience of Mr. Du Chaillu, but the universal testimony of the negroes. "When I surprised a pair of gorillas, the male was generally sitting down on a rock or against a tree, in some darkest corner of the jungle, where the brightest sun left its traces only in a dim and gloomy twilight. The female was mostly feeding near by; and it is singular that she almost always gave the alarm by running off, with loud and sudden cries or shrieks. Then the male, sitting for a moment with a savage frown on his face, slowly rises to his feet, and, looking with glowing and malign eyes at the intruders, begins to beat his breast, and, lifting up his round head, utters his frightful roar. This begins with several sharp barks, like an enraged or mad dog, whereupon ensues a long, deeply guttural rolling roar, continued for over a minute, and which, doubled and multiplied by the resounding echoes of the forest, fills the hunter's ears like the deep rolling thunder of an approaching storm. I have reason to believe that I have heard this roar at a distance of three miles. The horror of the animal's appearance at this time is beyond description. It seems as monstrous as a nightmare dream—so impossible a piece of hideousness that, were it not for the danger of its savage approach, the hunter might fancy himself in some ugly dream. At such a sight I could forgive my brave native hunters that they were sometimes overcome with superstitious fears, and ceased to wonder at the strange, weird 'gorilla stories' of the negroes."

It is a maxim with the well-trained gorilla-hunters to reserve their fire till the very last moment. Experience has shown them that—whether the enraged beast takes the report of the gun for an answering defiance, or for what other reason unknown—if the hunter fires and misses, the gorilla at once rushes upon him; and this

onset no man can withstand. One blow of that huge paw, with its bony claws, and the poor hunter's entrails are torn out, his breast-bone broken, or his skull crushed. It is too late to reload, and flight is vain. There have been negroes who in such cases, made desperate by their frightful danger, have faced the gorilla, and struck at him with the empty gun. But they had time for only one harmless blow. The next moment the huge arm came down with fatal force, breaking musket and skull with one blow.

One poor fellow, an attached follower of our traveler, was thus slain, the gorilla with one blow from its tremendous arm laying his bowels open. Then the furious animal seized the gun, whose barrel it bent, and bit so as to leave the dents of its teeth on the iron! "I imagine," says Mr. Du Chaillu, "that no animal is so fatal in its attack on man as this, for the reason that it meets him face to face, and uses its arms as its weapons of offense, just as a man or a prize-fighter would—only that it has longer arms, and vastly greater strength than the strongest boxer the world ever saw."

But we must refer the reader to Mr. Du Chaillu's work for farther particulars of the gorilla, whose nature and actions he was able to study, not only in the forests, but in his camps, where he had at various times no less than five young captive gorillas. Utterly untamable, ferocious, and not to be touched either by kindness or severity, these treacherous little beasts wore out their lives by vain struggles for liberty and savage attempts at revenge upon their captors. There is a monstrous fascination about his accounts of this animal which is scarcely equalled by the most horrid of Edgar Poe's nightmare-breeding romances.

Our remaining space suffices only to give a running summary of Mr. Du Chaillu's journeys and their results. His longest and most important explorations were made by the favor of a powerful king, Quengeza by name, whose shrewd mind appreciated the benefit he was likely to derive from the friendship of a white man. At Goombi, Quengeza's capital, the traveler was received with great honor, and, with the exception of one unfortunate execution for witchcraft, when two of his own friends were murdered in cold blood, he enjoyed here a great influence over the people; many of whom begged him to send them white men to teach them. The oungangas, or medicine-men, however, hated him, because he spoke with disrespect of their superstitions, and tried to induce the king to abolish the cruel poison-ordeal to which persons accused of sorcery are obliged to submit, and by which thousands lose their lives every year through this region.

One of these medicine-men played him in return a very shrewd trick, which we must relate. A man had died in the town owned by our traveler at the mouth of the Fernand Vaz, and which was the base of his operations, where his surplus goods were stored in houses built by him at considerable expense. Now when a man dies in that country, it is supposed to be only because some enemy of his has bewitched him. Hence an *ounganga* was called from the interior, whose duty it was to discover the culprit—who would then be sub-

mitted to the ordeal of poison, and if this, by its effects, declared him guilty, would be decapitated, quartered, and his remains cast away. The shrewd *ounganga* came, and after various incantations declared himself unable to discover the sorcerer; but gave it as his opinion that if the people did not abandon their town, and remove farther up the river they would all die. And before twenty-four hours were over poor Du Chaillu was left entirely alone! The medicine-man had played him a trick which nearly proved fatal to his enterprise, as it was only by promises of extravagant pay that he could induce three or four men to come back and live with him, and to keep watch over his property in his absence.

Before ascending the Rembo to Goombi, Du Chaillu explored the Ogobay, to its termination, or source, in a lake called the Anengue, which he found, at the dry season, filled with little blotches of mud-islands, covered with astonishing numbers of crocodiles, who came down from the surrounding marshes to feed on the fish, which abound in the lake at this season. On these crocodiles the natives of the region live; killing them with a rude but effective harpoon, which is darted from a long and very flat-bottomed boat, which skims over the turbid surface raising scarce a ripple. Crocodile shooting by moonlight—which is the best time—is a novel and exciting sport, which he here enjoyed for the first time, and which we find no note of in former African travelers.

“Above Goombi, the Rembo, which was originally the Fernand Vaz, takes the name of Ovenga—Rembo meaning, in fact, only *river*. Here our traveler came upon a region somewhat heathier, with a soil of considerable fertility, though, in the utter ignorance of the negroes, they do not cultivate the ground with sufficient regularity to draw from it even subsistence for themselves: a more idle, hand-to-mouth living set of people it would be difficult to imagine. They cut small quantities of the abundant ebony, kill a few elephants, and cut sometimes a little barwood, and with these manage to obtain scant supplies of beads, guns, powder, and iron and copper kettles, from the sea-shore. In all this region the gorilla is found; and while staying with a chief named Obindji, Mr. Du Chaillu was so fortunate as to discover two new species of apes—of which the world did not before possess even that scant intelligence it had of the gorilla. These were the *Kooloo-Kamba*—so named from its singular cry—which is pronounced by comparative anatomists the most man-like of all the apes; and the *Nshiego Mboue*, a remarkably docile and intelligent animal, which builds for itself, with a surprising ingenuity, a leafy roof, in the forks of some high tree, where it rests at night, secure from the drenching rains of this country, and from the attacks of beasts. Of the last, our traveler possessed several young ones, which exhibited an astonishing docility and love for the company of man—very different from the morose and treacherous disposition of the young gorilla. And, most singular of all, the *young Nshiego* is born with a face as perfectly white as the whitest child! It is not till it enters its second year that its face assumes a yellow tint, and at three years old it is a pitchy black like its mother. We cannot

spare room here for a more detailed account of the remarkable animals.

Among all the tribes he had hitherto visited he had found a kind of grass-cloth, used for the scanty covering of both men and women—but nowhere, so far, had he seen a loom. To the question, “Where do you get this?” the invariable answer was, “from the East, from a people who are cloth-makers, and great magicians, and whose tongue we do not speak, and who can kill men whom they do not like.” This people—cloth-makers and magicians—he had long wished to see; and at last, after many delays, he set out for the high table-lands in which they were said to dwell. After many days’ journey, through a mountainous region, they did reach the plains, and found the Ashira, the mysterious nation of cloth-makers, to be really a superior people, industrious, living in permanent towns, and peaceable. Here he was received as a spirit of great power; the maker of guns and powder and beads—for though these negroes had never even hoped to see a white man, they knew the use of guns. Hence he journeyed yet farther east, to the Apingi, a tribe who were yet farther advanced than the Ashira, being not only better weavers, but also workers in iron, and of no mean skill, for savages, to judge by their knives and other weapons, brought home by Mr. Du Chaillu, which we have seen. The Apingi not only looked upon him as an all-potent spirit, but thought him a cannibal; and with a hospitality which can not be too much admired, the king sent him, on his arrival, a fat slave, to be roasted for his supper, promising a further supply when needed.

“What, then, do you white spirits do with the men you buy on the sea-shore?” queried the Apingi king, curiously, of our horror-struck traveler. “If you don’t eat them, what *do* you want of them?” It seems that in the far interior the whole white race is believed to be in the practice of cannibalism; and having a short supply of human flesh at home, these people believe that we are forced to seek our supply from among them, in Africa.

In Apingi-land Mr. Du Chaillu stood upon the threshold of what he justly regards as his most important geographical discovery. He found himself at the beginning of a range of mountains, extending, so far as any of the negroes could tell him, in a direction nearly due east; that is to say, across the continent. He determined to follow the line of this mountain range as far as possible; though, from lack of preparations, and the debility resulting from some twenty-five attacks of African fever within two years, with constant exposure, poor fare, and hard work, forbade him to hope to cross the continent. We must remember, in addition, that the only food which could be carried by his party was the plantain and yam, both, by their bulk and weight, rendering it impossible to carry more than a few days’ supply; and that the forests of all this region are almost barren of life—vast solitudes, in which the stately ebony rears its head high above its neighbors; in which the barwood and various other precious woods are found in abundance, and where the traveler’s steps are cumbered by the abounding vines which yield the caoutchouc of Africa.

The only hope of penetrating such a country was to push desperately on from tribe to tribe; but when our traveler reached the Isogo villages, some four days' journey from the Apingi, he found that the next stopping-place—with no intermediate villages—was put at three days' journey, due east, which he well guessed would prove nearer six. Nevertheless, the mountain-range still pointed eastward; and was not in the heart of a man who had pierced this great secret so far, alone, and against all odds, to give it up now. Gathering what scant supplies he could obtain, and putting on, alas! *his last pair of stout shoes*, he set out, determined, if possible, by energetic travel, to reach the Ashango villages, where he might rest.

On that last pair of stout shoes rested in reality all his hopes. Starvation he had now got pretty well accustomed to, and we think of him, in the last extremity bracing his stomach to receive a proper portion of roasted boa-constrictor, if nothing better offered.

But the ground proved too much for the shoes. On the third day he tied his shirt-sleeves about his bleeding feet—and yet pushed on, with empty stomach, no villages yet in sight; the jungle dense as ever; the mountains still ranging eastward, as far as the eye could reach from any unobstructed point.

At last the swollen, torn, and bleeding feet could bear him on no longer. He sat down by the side of a purling brook, bathed his feet, and sent his men to ascend an eminence near by, from whence perhaps they might descry human habitations. But there was nothing but the dreary jungle, and the mountains still ranging eastward, as far as the eye could distinguish their peaks in the distance.

They returned with a snake and a monkey, having dined on which, and fastened a small American flag to the top of the highest tree they saw, as a symbol of possession, in right of the first discovery, they set out on their backward trip, desperate with hunger, and not daring to stop, even to hunt, by the way.

"Of the journey back," he writes, "I have but a dim and feverish recollection. I remember that my feet got worse instead of better; that when the wretched shoes were beyond even tying together with vines, I cast them away, and bandaged bare feet with what remained of my shirt. That on the second and third day of our journey we had not even a little bird to eat, but plunged forward in a stupid apathy of hunger and pain. That on the fourth morning one of the men espied a gorilla, who came roaring toward us, beating his vast chest, and waddling up to the attack with such horrid utterances and soul-freezing aspect, eyes glaring, and the monstrous face distorted with impotent rage, that for once, waking out of my dreamy stupor, and seeing this image of the devil coming upon us, I would have run if my feet had borne me. I remember that, when my gun-carrier shot the huge beast, the men rushed upon it, and tore rather than cut it up, to stifle with its loathed flesh the hunger which was gnawing at their vitals.

"Then we went on, relieved for a time from starvation, I dragging my bleeding, bare, and swollen feet over the rough and thorny

ground, till at last, at noon of the fifth day, we came to the Isogo towns."

And here we leave him.

The discoveries of Mr. Du Chaillu in the Department of Natural History alone, have been proclaimed in this country and in Europe, to be of such value and interest as to make his name honored among those enterprising men to whom Natural History is under the greatest obligations. But he has shown us not only the terrible gorilla, the curious nest-building ashiege, and many other new and beautiful animals; he has laid bare, for the operations of our enterprising commerce, a large region fruitful in many products which take the first rank in the world's commerce. India-rubber, ebony, (of which he imported a cargo cut in the upper Ovenga, under his own supervision, and which was counted first-class wood for size and grain,) ivory, barwood, palm-oil, are found here—in a virgin country, only needing shrewd management to become a source of wealth to our merchants and of new hopes of civilization to Africa.

INTELLIGENCE.

African Explorations.

On November 12, 1860, the Journal of the Royal Geographical Society contains the following abstract of intelligence from Messrs. Speke and Grant to the Secretary:

"The latest intelligence received from Captain Speke is dated Bagamoyo, October 1st, 1860. He therein alludes to a previous letter, despatched from Zanzibar, which has not reached the Society. Very shortly after his arrival at Zanzibar, aided by the zealous co-operation of H. B. M. Consul, Col. Rigby, Captain Speke succeeded in procuring 56 porters, and in despatching them, in advance of himself, with beads and cloths, to Kazeh. These men had reached Ugogo. His next step was to send to the mainland, to collect 100 porters for his own caravan. He also secured an escort of 30 free laborers armed with muskets. Besides all these, the Sultan of Zanzibar presented him with the services of 30 men of his own establishment, under orders to accompany him to Egypt. The Ras Cafla, or head of the native portion of the expedition, is the same Sheikh Said bin Salem with whom Captain Speke travelled before.

"As to his Cape companions, he states:—'The Hottentot guard have shown themselves a very handy, willing set of men, after they once settled down to work. They now adapt themselves and wear into the different stages of vicissitude in this vagabond sort of life famously; and if the climate—the great enemy of these regions—only spares them, we shall find them of the greatest service. There is nothing they cannot turn their hands to: they helped to sew the tent, make their own clothes, cobble their shoes, and cook our dinners. They love the gun, and delight in hunting for specimens; but some of them have already had the fever, and I cannot but feel anxious on that score.'

"The expedition left Zanzibar on the 25th of September, in a corvette belonging to the Sultan. The men were landed, under orders to form a camp four miles from the shore, where Captain Speke expected to join them on the morrow of writing his letter. All the instruments, given to the expedition by the Indian Department, are described as first-rate in quality and in order.

"The accounts enclosed will show you to what extent I have been obliged to go to reach the point at which I expect to meet Consul Petherick by the time appointed. The expenses have been nearly doubled by this hurry to meet him, as anybody who has travelled in barbarous countries like this, must know that the man who pays best gets most; and I have been obliged to outbid the Arab merchants, to succeed in the short space of time which it has taken me to get so large a caravan together. I shall now certainly be at my station at the appointed time for descending on Godokoro, and must then come down the Nile the best way I can. My men are all inflated with the grand idea of reaching Egypt, and will expect a greater remuneration from me than the Government funds admit of; for it must not be conceived that what I have in store now, will be sufficient for the expenses of the way without some reinforcements from Kazeih; and to provide for this, I am carrying letters of credit, of the worthy Suddha Damjee. But at the same time that I make this remark, I do not wish the Society to be under any apprehensions that I intend to depart from my engagements with them, or from the last injunction of the Indian branch of Her Majesty's Government, that I should not call upon them for any other assistance. I have made my own arrangements.

"The strength of the caravan is as follows, not including the 56 porters, and 2 men in charge, that have gone forward to Kazeih: Capt. J. H. Speke, commanding expedition; Capt. J. A. Grant, assistant; Sheikh Said bin Salem, Ras Caffila; 1 corporal and 9 Hottentot soldiers armed with rifles; 3 private servants armed with rifles; 6 slaves of Ras Caffila, all armed with rifles; 30 free laborers, ditto; 34 Sultan's porters; 115 Paganees—total, 192; 11 mules; 5 donkeys. In addition to these, his Highness the Sultan of Zanzibar has ordered a guard of honor, consisting of 25 Belooches, to escort us as far as Kidunda.

"We are now off to Bomani, and will send our next report from Kidunda, in the hands of the escort."

Captain Speke reported his expedition at Cape Town, July 16, 1860, and that he had found S. G. Grey, the Governor, disposed to show a lively interest towards it since his arrival. He obtained for Capt. Speke's benefit an escort of Hottentot soldiers, his body guard, and also a grant of money, to enable him to purchase twelve mules or baggage animals for the expedition. At his suggestion and on his recommendation the House of Assembly in Committee appropriated \$300 to the object of the expedition. He informed the House that the British Government had appropriated \$2,500 toward the expedition and the Indian branch of Her Majesty's Government bears charges connected with it to a still larger sum.

Consul Petherick's Expedition up the White Nile.

"Mr. Consul John Petherick, at the request of the President, pointed out the difficulties and dangers which Captain Speke would encounter in his progress from the hostility of the tribes north of the Equator. He would be unable to obtain porters—the only means of transit at his disposal—to proceed

from one tribe to another, and without porters it was impossible he could proceed. His guard would have sufficient work to carry their own ammunition and fire-arms; and as no beasts of burden existed in these countries, he must have negroes to carry his provisions and beads. Should he succeed in reaching Gondokoro, his stock of beads would be exhausted; and from the pastoral character of the natives and their disinclination for work of any kind, particularly agricultural, he would have great difficulty in obtaining grain for the support of himself and people. Moreover, if he does not time his arrival at Gondokoro between December and February, when Arab merchants from Khartum arrive at that place in boats, he will not obtain the means of transport down the Nile. It was necessary, in order to ensure the successful termination of Captain Speke's mission, that he should be met at Gondokoro with boats, provisions, and men; and if gentlemen would contribute towards the expense of the expedition, he should be most happy to devote his time and services to the object in view.

"The President announced that subscriptions would be received at the Royal Geographical Society, 15 White-hall Place, in aid of Consul Petherick's Expedition, to co operate with that under Captains Speke and Grant, via Khartum and the Upper Nile.

"The meeting then adjourned to Monday, November 26th."

*Agreement between Consul Petherick and the Royal Geographical Society,
Feb. 4th, 1861.*

1. "Consul Petherick undertakes, in consideration of the receipt of £1,000, towards the Expedition up the Nile, to place two well-armed boats, during November, 1861, at Gondokoro, with a sufficient stock of grain to ensure to Capt. Speke and his party the means of subsistence upon their arrival at that place."

2. "If Captain Speke shall not arrive in November, 1861, that Consul Petherick shall proceed with an armed party southwards towards Lake Nyanza to meet him."

3. "If Captain Speke shall arrive at Gondokoro before June, 1862, Consul Petherick promises to assist Captain Speke in making any explorations which Captain Speke may deem desirable."

4. "It being farther understood that in the event of Captain Speke not having arrived by that time at Gondokoro, Consul Petherick shall not be bound to remain beyond June, 1862."

Instructions for Consul Petherick's proposed Expedition up the White Nile in Aid of Captains Speke and Grant, Feb. 8th, 1861.

The President and Council of the Royal Geographical Society having ascertained that the amount of subscriptions will not be sufficient to enable you to remain two years to the southward of Gondokoro, and thus to carry out your proposition in full, proceed now to give you instructions whereby the great object of their desire—the rendering assistance to the expedition under Captains Speke and Grant—can be best accomplished with the means at their disposal.

By leaving England in March, you will be enabled to reach Khartum in time to equip two boats with a supply of provisions sufficient for your own and Captain Speke's party until July, 1862. With these you will proceed to Gondokoro, where it is very desirable you should arrive early in the month of October; that is to say, as soon as possible after the cessation of the rains. You will then, in the event of Captain Speke not having arrived, leave a trustworthy person with a sufficient force in charge of the boats, the maintenance of these until June, 1862, at Gondokoro, being of primary importance.

The next object the President and Council have in view is, that you should proceed in the direction of Lake Nyanza, with a view of succoring Captain Speke, and bringing him and his party in safety to the depot at Gondokoro.

The President and Council do not attempt to lay down any limit to this exploration, but, fully trusting in your known zeal and energy, feel assured that you will do all in your power to effect the above mentioned object, without serious risk to the lives of the party under your command.

Should the junction with Captain Speke be effected, which there is every reason to believe it will be, previous to June, 1862, you will consult with him as to the best means of employing the period which will elapse before the change of the monsoon will permit you to descend the Nile, in extending our knowledge of the adjoining region.

In entrusting you with the sum which has been subscribed for this purpose, the President and Council, considering themselves accountable to the subscribers for its proper expenditure, will require an account of its disbursement. If circumstances should prevent your meeting with Captain Speke's expedition, they consider that you are entirely relieved from the responsibility of remaining yourself or detaining the boats longer than June, 1862, at Godokoro.

The President and Council desire to impress upon you the necessity of obtaining as frequently as possible astronomical observations for the ascertainment of your geographical position, and that you forward, as often as opportunity offers, copies of your journal to the Secretary of this Society.

A list of instruments, together with instructions respecting their use, and notices of such phenomena as it is likely you will have an opportunity of observing, is herewith appended, to which also are added Manuals on Ethnology, Botany, and Zoology; to each of which sciences, as well as Geology, you will have an opportunity of adding much new information. In addition to the "Hints for Travellers," published by this Society, particular instructions relative to the peculiar character of the great river you are about to explore have been prepared, and which, it is to be hoped, will assist you in making observations which will throw much light on the geography of this region.

The President and Council take this opportunity of expressing their admiration of the spirit of enterprise which has induced you, at great personal risk, and possibly considerable pecuniary loss, to undertake the charge of this expedition; and they hope, under God's providence, you may not only succeed in affording succor to the Zanzibar expedition at a period when it will be most in need of it, but that you will succeed in opening a new field to the civilizing influences of commerce.

Emigration to Hayti vs. Liberia.

A paragraph from the National Republican says: "It is probable that Congress will place means at the disposal of the President for the colonization of such of our colored people as wish to emigrate to Hayti."

The late accounts we have from St. Domingo are of such a warlike character as not to promise peaceful abodes to our colored population who go there. Spain has lately taken forcible possession of her ancient eastern part of the Island (about two-thirds,) and the western part under President Geffard, (the ancient French part, of about one-third,) is about engaging in war against the Spaniards.

Liberia is therefore by far the most desirable place for our colored population. It has a fine climate, a most fertile soil, a good government, where all the officers are chosen by the people. The nation is at peace with all the world, enjoying a profitable commerce, and where the people enjoy the most entire civil and religious liberty; while in Hayti the Catholic religion is the dominant one, and Protestants are not looked upon with much favor.

And Liberia has been settled almost entirely by emigrants from the United States. All going from here, would therefore at once feel themselves at home, among their former acquaintances, while at Hayti they would feel themselves among strangers, and in a foreign nation.

There is reason to hope that the means Congress may place at the disposal of the President may be employed to assist emigration to Liberia, (a young nation planted by this country, and of whom we have no reason to feel ashamed,) in preference to any other country.—*Jour. of Com.*

The Result.

The "Eusebia N. Roye" and "Moses Sheppard," have made their voyages to England, and returned to Liberia for other cargoes, while the owners of the Moses Sheppard have advised their business correspondents in Baltimore of their intention to purchase a vessel of larger tonnage, to trade between Liberia and England. Had our Government remitted the extra tonnage, and other extra dues charged upon the E. N. Roye and her cargo, when she arrived in New York in 1859, both of these vessels might many times have returned to the United States; but it is now doubtful if any thing short of a full recognition of Liberia will secure to us our fair proportion of her growing commerce, and, we may add, that of the whole western coast of Africa.

The adoption by our Government of a policy which so totally ignores the very existence of a Republic which was founded by the exertions of our own philanthropists, and fostered and encouraged by the independent action of several States, has had the effect which all the friends of Liberia anticipated, not only to drive from us the few Liberian vessels owned there by those whose remembrance of past kindness led them often to speak of America as home, but it has also stimulated a weak and helpless people at last to retaliate in the only way open to them for such manifest injustice.

In December last, the Legislature of Liberia passed a bill laying an extra tonnage duty on all vessels the nations of which had no treaty with that Republic, besides ten per cent. additional duty on all cargoes imported in such vessels: the bill to go into immediate operation when signed by President Benson. The chief trade of Liberia is with England, France, Hamburg, and the United States, while her independence has been formally recognized, and reciprocal treaties entered into with England, France, Prussia, Russia, and Sardinia; yet her modesty is such that even England, with all her partiality for the black race, has not been called upon to receive a resident Liberian as consul; although President Roberts has twice visited that country as a commissioner from Liberia, and was personally present as such when both of the existing treaties were signed.

The new law, which must sooner or later be enforced, will cost thousands of dollars to American merchants at present engaged in the Liberian trade, and prevent many others from embarking in it. The friends of Liberia, while they appreciate the feeling of self-respect which induced the passage of this law, have nevertheless frequently urged those in authority there to refrain from adopting any such retaliatory measures; promising them at the same time that no effort should be spared to secure a recognition in some form or other. —*Maryland Colonization Journal.*

Capture of a Slave—Her arrival at New York.

The ship "Nightingale," J. J. Guthrie, U. S. N., commanding, arrived at this port on Saturday morning from Monrovia, W. C. A., which port she left May 13th, and anchored at Quarantine.

The *Nightingale* was captured April 23d off Kabenda, W. C. A., by the United States sloop-of-war *Saratoga*, having on board 950 negroes. She was taken into Monrovia, where the cargo was put on shore, and 272 men, 97 women, 340 boys and 92 girls—making a total of 801—160 having died on the passage from Kabenda. A prize crew of 26 men were put on board from the *Saratoga*, and she was brought to this port.

There has been considerable sickness among the crew on board the *Nightingale* since leaving Monrovia. The following men belonging to the *Saratoga* have died—Henry Nagle, ordinary seaman; John Edwards, landsman, and Michael Redwood, marine.

The *Nightingale* is a clipper ship, of 1,100 tons burthen, built at Portsmouth, N. H., and intended for the Baltic and Australian trade, but as the builders did not fulfill the contract she passed into other hands. She sailed hence September 13th with a load of grain for Liverpool, and arrived there October 6th, where she discharged cargo and was up for the East Indies. Sailed from Liv-

erpool December 2d, and on the 14th of January anchored at the Island of St. Thomas, W. C. A., (so states her log.) On the 22d January she was boarded off the Congo by the English steamer Archer and the U. S. steamer Mystic, when she proceeded up the Congo River, and remained there until 1st day of April, when she was fallen in with by the Saratoga and boarded. Her papers were found all right and she was allowed to proceed, but on the 23d of April was captured as above.

The captain (Francis Bowen,) the Spanish supercargo, and the cabin servants, made their escape from the vessel the night previous to her sailing from Kabenda, a portion of her crew having previously escaped in the boats. Those that did not escape were transferred to the Saratoga, and shipped for the service.

When the N. sailed, the following American vessels were known to be in the Congo:—The Ardens, Alexina, Falmouth, Fairy, and Martha Post—the latter vessel being under bonds not to engage in the slave trade. The brig John Bell and ship Brutus (whaler,) had succeeded in getting away. All these are Northern vessels.

The Saratoga, having but eight days' provisions, got under weigh with the N., bound to Loando, all of the squadron being at that place, waiting the arrival of a storeship, which had not arrived up to the last accounts. Their storehouses were almost exhausted, and the storekeeper confined in jail for caning a Portuguese who had insulted him. The health of the squadron was good, that of the Saratoga unusually so. Most of the squadron are anxiously looking for their orders home.

The third night after sailing from Kabenda, was boarded by H. B. M. steamer Wrangler, the steamer Clove being under our lee, who were quite chagrined at finding the bird was caged.

Lieutenants J. J. Guthrie and Charles W. Hays, were sent home in the Nightingale. Lieutenant Tyler, whose health had been bad during the entire cruise of the Saratoga, also returned in the above vessel. The three mates of the Nightingale, Messrs. Hinds, Winslow and Westervelt, were sent home in the ship to be delivered up to the authorities.

We are informed that after the Nightingale's cargo had been disposed of on the coast of Africa, she was sold to a Portuguese in the Congo River, after which she was transferred to her new owner, and her original commander left for England, where he now is,—all those of the original crew who remained becoming passengers in her. No American interest now remains in the Nightingale.—*Journal of Commerce.*

Liberian Cotton.

We have examined a small lot of cotton grown upon the farm of Mr. Samuel H. G. Sharp, in Basia County, Liberia. It is very clean and white, of good staple and strength. An experienced manufacturer of this city pronounces it "an excellent article—equal to good Georgia or Florida cotton." One of our oldest cotton brokers says such cotton would sell here at seventeen cents per pound readily. Mr. Sharp emigrated a few years since from Haddonfield, N. J., and as it is believed that he has no practical acquaintance with the cultivation of cotton, the sample before us is probably produced from the native African seed, and without much, if any, culture or attention. Africa will soon yield a vast supply of cotton. That already grown is reported to be of longer and firmer staple, more like our Sea Island cotton than any raised in India. Every year sees an increase of arrivals in English ports of West African cotton. Ten years ago but 235 pounds were shipped; in 1859 the quantity exported was 700,000 pounds. The plant is perennial, and consequently the labor and expense of replanting are saved.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

Another Appeal from Dr. Breckinridge.

Dr. Robert J. Breckinridge holds strongly still his integrity as a loyal citizen of the United States. The Louisville Journal announces "a long article of immense power" from his pen upon the state of the country. It gives the following analysis of its contents:

- I. Civil War.—Influence upon it of the Idea of the Restoration of the Union.
- II The long and terrible reign of parties. Majestic Reappearance of the Nation on the Scene of Affairs. Great truths accepted and to be maintained.
- III. Duty of the Nation to Loyal Citizens in the Seceded States. Their subjection to a Reign of Terror. Alleged Unanimity in the Seceded States.
- IV. The Seceded States may return to the Union, or the Secession Party may Maintain their Revolt by Arms. The War one of Self-preservation on the Part of the Nation. Not Aggressive and against the South, but Defensive and against Secessionists. Supposing the Triumph of Secessionists; Insuperable Difficulties. Every Benefit Contemplated by Secession Defeated by the War into which it plunged. Restoration to the Union the true Result.
- V. Miscalculation of Secession, Miscarriage as to a "United South," and as to a "Divided North," and as to the temper and purpose of the Nation, and as to Expansion, the Slave-trade, Free-trade, Boundless Prosperity, Cotton Monopoly. Secession a frightful and incalculable Mistake.
- VI. The Border Slave States, state of Parties in 1860, Sudden and secret Revolution in Virginia, Probable Effects, Political and Military, Western Virginia, Central Mountain Route to the Central South, Delaware, Maryland, Missouri, the Original States, the States carved out of them, the Purchased States, Kentucky, her position, peril, temper, purpose.
- VII. General Conclusion.

[Vermont Chronicle.]

RECEIPTS OF AMERICAN COLONIZATION SOCIETY,

From the 20th of May to the 20th of June, 1861.

MAINE.	
Bath—The Bath Colonization Society, additional, by Rodney Hyde, Tr., NEW HAMPSHIRE.	6 00
By the Rev. F. Butler, (§42,) viz:	
Bath—C. C. Hutchins, §3. Concord—Onslow Stearns, §10, Hon. N. G. Upham, Hon. Matthew Harvey, Joseph B. Walker, §5 each. F. N. Fiske, §3, Rev. B. F. Stone, D. D., Rev. H. E. Parker, J. C. A. Wingate, A. Fletcher, §3, Coffin, Allen Tenney, §1 each. New Hampton—Col. Rufus G. Lewis, §5,	42 00
VERMONT.	
By Rev. F. Butler, (§48.50,) viz:	
Essex—Estate of Nathan Lothrop, annuity, by B. B. Butler and A. J. Watkins, Executors, §40. McIndoes Falls—Rev. M. B. Bradford, §2.50. Windsor—Rev. E. H. Byington, E. C. Tracy, Preston Merrifield, U. E. Damon, §1 each. Sutherland Falls—William Humphrey, §2,	45 50
CONNECTICUT.	
By Rev. John Orent, (§315,) viz:	
Norwich—A. H. Hubbard, §100, Gov. Buckingham, §20, Gen. Williams, Mrs. H. P. Williams, Dr. Charles Osgood, Mrs. Wolcott Huntington, Mrs. Mary H. Bull, each §10, D. W. Colt, §10, in full to constitute Charles W. Colt a life member. Mrs. H. A. Thomas, Mrs. Charles Spaulding, David Smith, George Perkins, D. W. Tompkins, Mrs. R. Hubbard, each §3, E. O. Abbot,	
L. F. S. Foster, G. Greene, Jedediah Huntington, L. W. Carroll, each §3, Charles Spaulding, Mrs. Henry Strong, Mrs. J. W. Huntington, Mrs. N. C. Nichols, John Dunham, each §2, F. Johnson, Dr. Eaton, Mrs. J. E. Kingsley, Mrs. M. H. Y. Whiting, each §1, New London—Thomas W. Williams, §20, Dr. W. W. Cutler, §10, Mrs. M. H. Lewis, Mrs. Edw. Learned, Wm. C. Crump, each §3, Mrs. L. and daughter, §6, A. Barns, Miss C. E. Rainey, Miss J. S. Richards, Mrs. Coleby Chew, each §3, H. P. Haven, §2, Mrs. Joshua Learned, §1,	66 00
Mystic—Charles Mallory, §5, Mrs. W. P. Randall, §4, Mrs. K., §1,	10 00
	315 00
NEW YORK.	
Kingston—Legacy of John C. Broadhead, deceased, by John B. Dey, Executor, §1,000, and interest, §28.30,	1,028 30
FOR REPOSITORY.	
CONNECTICUT.—Meriden—General Walter Booth, to 1st June, 1862,	1 00
Total Repository,	1 00
Donations,	381 50
Legacies,	1,136 30
Aggregate Amount,	\$1,520 80

[July, 1861]